

He was the Marke, and Glaske, Coppy, and Booke,  
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,  
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue  
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,  
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,  
In disadvantage, to abide a field,  
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name  
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.  
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,  
To hold your Honor more precise and nice  
With others, then with him. Let them alone:  
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.  
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,  
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Necke)  
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
(Faite Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights,  
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,  
Or it will seeke me in another place,  
And finde me worse provided.

*Wife.* O flye to Scotland,  
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,  
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

*Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King,  
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,  
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,  
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,  
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:  
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,  
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,  
That it may grow, and spout, as high as Heauen,  
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde  
As with the Tyde, I well'd vp vnto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.  
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,  
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.  
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,  
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Drawer.* Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Drawer.* Why then couer, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakers* Noyse; Mistris *Teares* sheet would faile haue some Musique.

2. *Drawer.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Drawer.* Then here will be old *Pistol*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* He see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

*Host.* Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperallie: your Pulfidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous seaching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

*Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.

*Host.* Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

*Falst.* When *Arthur* first in Court--(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now Mistris *Dol*?

*Host.* Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

*Falst.* So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

*Falst.* You make fat Rascalls, Mistris *Dol*.

*Dol.* I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

*Falst.* If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

*Dol.* I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

*Falst.* Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd Chambers brauely.

*Host.* Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

*Dol.* Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not scene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, he be friends with thee *Lacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

*Drawer.* Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speake with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in England.

*Host.* If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

*Host.* Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggers heere.

Falst. Do'st

*Falst.* Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master *Tisick*, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee;) Master *Dombe*, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, ile no Swaggers.

*Falst.* Hee's no Swaggerer (*Hostesse*): a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaric Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (*Drawer*.)

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house; nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you doe, Hostesse.

*Host.* Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

*Pist.* 'Saucy you, Sir *Iohn*.

*Falst.* Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hostesse.

*Pist.* I will discharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

*Falst.* She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you (Mistris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorne you (scurvie Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistris *Dorothie*.

*Dol.* Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

*Pist.* I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

*Host.* No good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete Captaine.

*Dol.* Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruiues, and dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

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